

## Hog Creek Review

### Love at a Distance

That song came on again, failing to pry my emotions.  
The box of memories keeps getting pushed  
farther from reach  
under my bed  
as I reorganize my thoughts.  
My box of tissues has been thrown away.  
I don't need them anymore.

The road to see each other is closed.  
Flowers discolored.  
Gifts frayed.  
Pictures dusted.  
Yet prayers answered.

Sacrifices made that didn't need to be done.

Hours  
spent away  
from others  
who  
matter most.  
I know better now.

All I remember about you any more is your phone number.  
But even that is less dialed  
and more distant from my fingers.